



# One Candle



👁 89 ✓ 29 ★ 11

## Chapter 1 by Fanwizard

A single candle is lit  
In front of the wide river  
The sky is dark  
It is night  
Gently,  
She places the candle onto the raft  
With a small push  
It floats down the dark stream  
The light illuminating the path  
Joining the other candles on rafts  
And leading the ones yet to follow

## Chapter 2 by The Art of Suffering



I hate to admit it,  
I hate to admire the beauty  
of this beautiful night.

I hate to admit that I love the way  
the way the stars sparkle in the night  
He's gone,  
they're gone,  
All the ones we loved are gone

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A single tear,  
A single candle.  
A single love,  
A single hatred,  
A burning desire,  
A drowning depression.  
A murdering sorrow,  
A living dread.

I am alone...  
And my love...  
Is dead.

### Chapter 3 by Fanwizard



It was never meant to happen.

I never planned to fall in love  
with the boy  
who would later break my heart  
after I broke his heart

Love is unpredictable.  
I never knew  
how deep he was in his depression  
how far he was from being saved  
how little of a chance there was that he would be  
saved

I was supposed to be the one  
saving him

but I didn't  
I thought I had saved him  
until I broke his heart  
He broke mine

And here we are.

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I can't even look his parents in the eye  
knowing that their only son had killed himself  
because of me.

I couldn't rescue him  
because I didn't know.

They had trusted me.  
He had trusted me.  
And I let them all down.

The only thing that he left behind  
were pictures  
when he should have been burning them.  
But he had no time left.

The memory of him saying  
goodbye  
one final time  
still burns in my memory  
refusing to snuff out  
refusing to stop burning  
and fade away.

Like he would in time.

I take out another candle.

#### Chapter 4 by Fanwizard

I glance at the pink skin  
on my left arm



the black ink  
saving his last words  
meant for me

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*If you love someone, set them free. If they come back they're yours; if they don't they never were.*

He thought I would be happier  
if he weren't around  
thinking that he was the problem

He was wrong.

I make mistakes,  
never showing him  
how much I loved him

He read the signs wrong.  
He chose his path.  
He bought pills.  
He wrote a note.  
He swallowed the handful of pills.

Another tear falls into the river  
and I sob.

In the distance,  
I can hear his mother  
crying into his father's shoulder  
as they light more candles.

It was my fault.

### Chapter 5 by BeLoved



The tragic part is

that even she couldn't hate me  
She was too busy crying over  
him  
and her  
unrequited love

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Echoes of that night  
still flash through my mind

The shouts  
the arguments  
the tears  
and the final straw

I didn't know when I said goodbye  
that it would truly be goodbye

The fight that pushed him  
over the edge  
that set his mind in stone

By the next morning  
he had all of his plans

Go to school  
come home  
eat dinner  
wash dishes  
clean room  
write note  
send out emails  
swallow pills

and wait

Waiting for the pills  
to rob his cells of oxygen

until his heart was forced  
to stop beating

As the life drained out  
of his body  
he moved his lips

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one last time  
to form his last words

A tear falls into the water  
as I sob

trying to let go  
of the good and bad memories  
knowing that I should have let go  
a long time ago

but finding it impossible

How can you let go of someone  
who isn't really gone?

### Chapter 6 by BunnyThatBad



I remember the phone call,  
his mother on the other line crying.  
I remember when she told me,  
A whirl wind blew through me,  
It knocked me down.

It's all my fault.  
It's all my fault.  
It's all my fault.  
It's all my fault.  
That he bought  
those pills.

Because he thought,

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I think of him,  
Writing that note.  
Opening the cap to the pills.  
I think of his hands,  
those beautiful hands,  
opening up his death.  
To be swallowed whole.

His mother knows,  
that I broke him.  
Broke her baby boy.  
She does not yell,  
because she is now empty inside.  
As am I.

The tears have drained me.  
And as I place this candle on the river,  
To float and crash and burn out,  
I think of his smile,  
Forever burned in my eyes.

### Chapter 7 by Vintage Girl



Life didn't seem  
to be worth living  
anymore  
once he was gone

Maybe when he died  
I died a little bit also

Maybe he represents this candle  
ignorant to its fate

as I unknowingly guide it  
to the end

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Because I did that  
When I finally those words  
that I never meant  
I pushed him over the edge

And when his life ended  
when everything inside just exploded  
I'm affected by the explosion  
with pieces of shrapnel  
buried deep under my skin  
to remind me  
of what I did

### Chapter 8 by Vincent Tagros



She pushed me into the vain cliff of rocks and sea  
leaping onto the red vineyard all because I was a coward  
which kept my poison intact with her  
illustrious hypnotism

Bloomed without regrets, I stood up to my flaming ligaments  
that led my dreams to tell her my dark side  
I stared at my ruby birthmark on my quaking neck  
where I had my bruise from the city that is careless

Honey mildew milk spoiled my meditation  
as I was about to light the wick with my bare hands  
and I have met her cherry lips again  
which almost made my trust into fractures

I could've

I can with the stars that glimmer  
but not without a single step,  
I couldn't think of killing her marvelous visage

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That left me to become the imp

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